

HIGH TECH MICRO PERFORATION



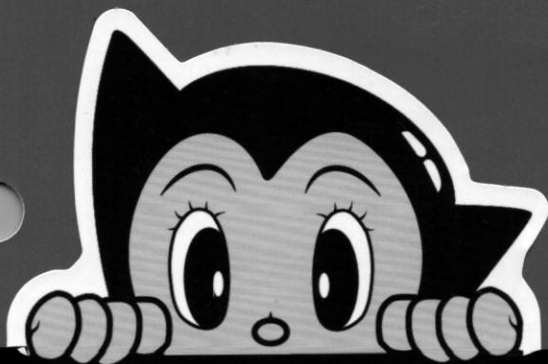
FEARLESS

1 SUBJECT

WIDE RULE

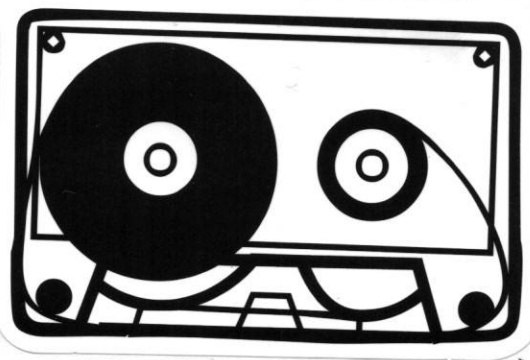


10.5 in x 8.5 in / 26.7 cm x 21.6 cm



Made in USA

Mon - 8/20/18 - Happy Birthday, Kev!!



3 french fries
16" cheese

CONTRIBUTORS:

J.D. NELSON
JAY PASSER
ALICIA MATHIAS
JOHN PATRICK ROBBINS
BARBARA MOORE
SCOTT SIMMONS
JACK HENRY
KEVIN M. HIBSHMAN
BRIAN RIHLMANN

New CD's to check out ↓
shame - drunk tank pink
black pumas - black pumas
dahka brakha - alambani
viagra boys - welfare jazz
rhye - home
deserta - black sun my aura

MERRITT WALDON

JOE KIDD

LUIS CUAUHTEMOC

BERRIOZABAL

JOHN DORSEY

J.C. HAWKES

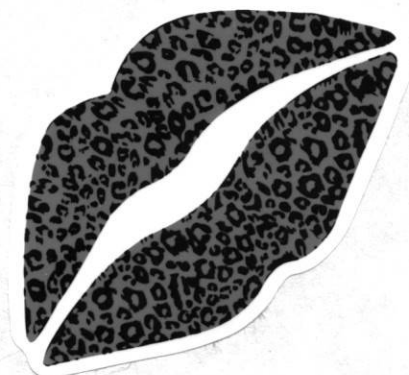
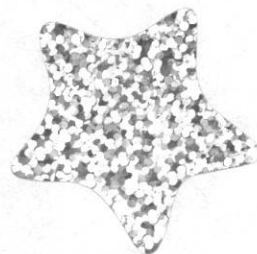
12" cheese

12" Vegan

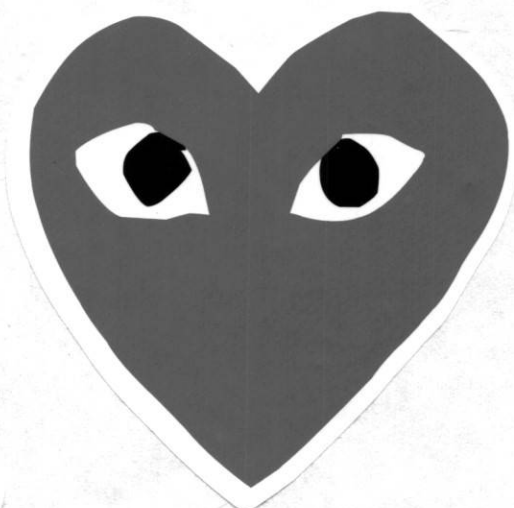
kalamato olives
cherry peppers



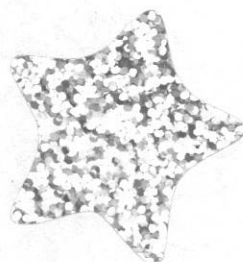
SPACE



CITY



SPIN



MY BUDDY THE CROW

is cawing outside
he doesn't care about the election
or the virus
he just wants his ration of rice

his voice is screechy and plaintive
but I've grown to admire him
my buddy the crow
without convictions or heartbreaks or
depressions
without smart phones or email or emojis
I'd like to say we see eye to eye
his jet black piercing
my foggy brown muddying

I get out of bed
measure out some basmati
3/4 cup for me
1/4 cup for my buddy
and notice on the windowsill
a shiny trinket

it's an old dog tag
it looks like my buddy the crow
has left me another gift

he doesn't make demands or cheat or
judge
he's not the type to whine or quibble or lie
he may even be a she

good buddy
I'll get the water boiling before lowering it

to a simmer and covering with a tight
fitting lid

just like I was taught
in crow school

jay passer

A STOMACH DRAGGED CONVULSING THROUGH BRIMSTONE

while I'm pouring milk
over frosted flakes, wait;
not milk, not frosted flakes

because
I don't drink milk and
gave up processed sugar products.

still, I like to think about
what it's like to be
buried alive.

then again I like my eggs
to hatch
before I make an omelet.

excuse me, but pancakes remind me
of saggy teats;
you can't tap a maple tree to solve that.

I got a bag of dates from the halal bodega,
a glass of hot Darjeeling,
and eternity;

Social Security'll
never
pay for that.

jay passer

Jay Passer

FAMILY AFFAIR

I lost my hat in the melee,
just like watching the news

each and every morning.
it was a pretty raucous fight.

moonlighting as a bartender,
I separated the instigators,

except these guys were pointing
nuclear weapons at each other.

fuck this, I thought and got
away from there, and quick.

I can watch a Bond movie anytime,
since my sister subscribes to Netflix.

Jay Passer

Poem for Jerry Dorsey

you never worked in the winter
it was never hard to find you then
the wind in your hair
a mighty red afro in 1982

to me you were a giant
i didn't notice
that you shaking
when sunflowers were planted
in your boots

when the concrete ran dry
you fed the rabbits.

John Dorsey

December Sun, After Reading Richard Hugo

so what if you can name
a thousand different kinds of fish

i have touched the hands
of just as many girls

all love is imaginary
by this river

it's all shallow water

your heart running
this way
or that

you only get out
what you put in.

John Dorsey

In Some Ways It Will Always Be 1982

a homemade birthday cake
more pepsi than you could ever drink
my brother letting out his first loud screams
before taking a vow of silence
only talking with guitar strings now

a star wars belt buckle
around my waist

isaly's chipped ham
instead of awful food

everyone still here.

John Dorsey

Dungeons And Dumbasses

Everyone is into the occult it seems from friends on Facebook.
To anyone who thinks it looks cool to wear a fashionable pentagram.

I've known a few witches in my day and slept around to maintain my male whore status.

Yet never once did I fear their wrath.
Because in reality the secrets to the dark arts are not sold at Hot Topic.
Or truly appreciated by those playing sorcerer to gain likes.

A crystal ball is cool, but I prefer to go bowling with my balls.
Opposed to summon the demons from the abyss.

And why should I fear what's in someone's cauldron, when I am more in fear.
Of what STD I may encounter in between the sheets.

Magic doesn't scare me, but Shelia with her hot temper and boxcutter sure as shit does.

Black magic curses are a total waste, on an alcoholic writer with a bum ticker and an honest opinion.

But feel free to send them along with some naughty pictures and tag me as your favorite villain.

Besides the devil tells me daily,
I'm his favorite.

So nah nah.

Cheers.

john patrick robbins

She Looks Better With Lights Off

I have seen some visions, that as the liquor wore off.

Appeared to resemble more a nightmare, or a slightly less lethal train wreck.

It's a shame when you lay down with a ten and wake up beside a negative zero.

The night hides many secrets like.

Vampires truly do exist and zombies actually walk amongst us.

Of course it's rather rude to mention the sex, but it was dead as this scene.

We kept the lights off and our true opinions to ourselves, which always suited me fine.

I always avoid mirrors as so should she.

Because that sight would make even blind men say goddamn!

I didn't call her a cab because animal control seemed a far easier route.

I moved while she was in lock up and changed my name just to be on the safe side.

Sometimes when I hear a howl upon the wind I shiver and lock my doors.

Remember, take caution when under the influence and horny at last call.

Cause it's not only ghosts that will haunt your ass.

Sometimes I could smack myself over chasing something.

To enjoy the simple pleasures of going bump in the night.

john patrick robbins

Young Not Such An Einstein

My friend asked me my views on his newest relationship.

"Man, I know you have good instincts and just a way of knowing stuff.
So I value your opinion."

My friend and occasional verbal punching bag said between drinks.

I was alone with no chances of a relationship in sight.

But I did know people and had common sense.
That alone amongst our world of ego driven artists was something unique in of itself.

He was in the early stages of a relationship, she was claiming to be her twenties.

With three kids in tow, looking like she was in her mid thirties.

I finished my drink, slapped him on the back and told him.

"Kid, it doesn't take a genius to see a train wreck before it happens."

"You don't need my advice."

"You need an exorcist, to chase those short bus demons from your dumbass thoughts."

"Wow thanks asshole."

I heard him reply as I was headed out the door.

I didn't need to waste my breath, for no matter my rational thinking.

Man's need for pussy, truly defied all logic.

Salute.

john patrick robbins

Everyones Dying Go Get The Hell Out Of Here

From celebrities I thought had already passed.

To folks I know by name only.

The ships certainly sinking and the band much like myself, has simply chosen to play on through.

The drinks are sloshed, the tables overturned.

My nerves are shot with my liver.

And now I question all that screwed up shit I've done in my past.

The darkness ahead seems cold and empty.

My final destination seems a bit like Florida, only not as annoying and with far better music.

Least I know I won't be drinking alone.

You will find me at a corner booth with Rasputin, Crowley and Anton LaVey, maybe even Britney Spears.

We will ditch leaving Mussolini with the tab Beethoven was supposed to be working the door.

But he never heard us slip away.

Cheers.

john patrick robbins

In the Gutters

Insomnia finds me
in the gutters, in
pools where clouds
drop an eye or two
full of tears. Broken,
trampled, I have not
seen anything through
this mist I have not
seen before. I walk
in exile with a brick
in one hand and a
stick in the other.
My shoes are worn
and steeped in mud.
I find a stray cat to keep
me company. Broken
windows and walls at
my feet, I search for
coins. A tear drop from
clouds or myself is
all I find in the dust.
A broken bottle finds
the sole of my shoe. It
might as well be a razor-blade.

And Now

And now I love you
And yesterday you
did not exist and
tomorrow I may not
exist; today I love you.
Let's get started
before it's too late.

Luis Cuauhtemoc Berriozabal

Life's Labyrinth

I lose myself in life's labyrinth;
take a dip in the pool of the abyss.
I bathe at the deep end where the
water is darker, where the angel of
darkness stays away. I am ever
watchful like a watchman. I saw the
cow jump over the moon in the
corner of the sky. I lose myself in
the movies no one watches twice.
I stroll the corridors where The
Shining was filmed. I make an
acquaintance with the ambassador
of lost souls. I become a hotel guest
in the photos on the wall in The
Shining even though I was not cast
in that film. I feel dumb as I grasp for
meaning in life. I never understood
why geometry was too hard to learn.
My classmates seemed to have it
easy. I find myself in different states
of mind as I lose myself in each
state. I stay away from triangles.
They remind me of geometry exams.
I isolate myself completely. I scan
the room for pictures or photos. I go
to work on national holidays. I lose
myself in the white noise blaring
from tv screens. I wear uniforms
of my favorite teams, not the away
uniforms. I keep my hair short even if
it is cold. I wear number 5 for my
favorite catcher. I keep my eyes
open for books no one else will read.

luis cuauhtemoc berriozabal

There Are No Words

I gently ran my fingers down your side
And then right back up to your neck.

I know I'm not the first to ever play you
And I highly doubt I'll ever be the last.

But this feeling that we make is beautiful.

scott simmons

Humility Is Great, For Other People

Have you ever wondered what somebody else is thinking?
Because if you have then obviously you're not a poet.

Unless it was about submission guidelines.
But I can even that's pushing it.

Or at least that's what I can tell from the many emails I receive.

scott simmons

Mood Killer

I smoked a cigarette and felt the cool night breeze.
And as I stared up at the stars it reminded me of you.

Or least it did until a lizard jumped on my arm.
As I jolted up I simply thought "What the hell just happened?"

Life always has a way of fucking up these moments.

scott simmons

Well Shit...

If you can write a powerpoint,
Then congratulations, you're a professor!

And if you can show up to work everyday,
You'll get pats on the back and maybe even a trophy!

Hot damn don't it feel great to live in an era,
With such low standards?

scott simmons

one of the ghost reds

summary hum

the best ride to the center of the galaxy
this is the great yes from yellow

sew the rice into the pant leg to pass for a walking hand
neat meat was a repeat

that meant using the ufo again, but no one remembered how to fly it
a creature in the socks alone with the harp

a little moisture from the atmosphere
a middle language used mostly for commerce

half of all of everything
this is the trick for the computer users

what is worth watching on the pudding network?
that power in the trees

needing that handy to comb-smoke the patties
I can't use that scream anymore, so why don't you take it?

j.d. nelson

the new earth with the baby moon

to walk with the wide, early eyes
the sheridan ice in the alien dream suits me

eating ants and salamanders
I swallowed a metal bee

the forest is the color of the window
running thru the wall with the answer

sending a secret color to the world
hearing it melt into the ocean

the red fish of the ladder milk
in the garden of glass

crack the sky with a giant metal arm
see the mirror land of the inside tongue

a layer of pig parmesan
that makes it a seafoam sunday

what is the companion set doing on the table?
the scandalous jax or jazz

blasted and faster
cooking with the friendship gas

a world of fireflies
the mixture and the meaning

j. d. nelson

earth devours itself nightly

groundhonk day

in the snow
a bull

singing to earn glass beads
think of the martians when they do the cobra shaft warp

noon power
white nikes for the white hot sun

all-natural mix with crickets and six types of ants
you need to suit up with the avengers

western ballet armor and a ghost with the original jousting equipment
steak flowers for your love

the sunnery gnomus in a sphere
I couldn't stay back for too long, as I was earthed

metter than rose ull soir, veriface phone effort
the brain was on stilts

J. d. nelson

Escape of the Trained Monkey

The road stretches farther than my eyes can see
or my mind imagine. Somewhere between where
I stand, catching my breath, and where they tell
me I should be by now is the right place or as
close to a right place as there can ever be for
someone with my tendency to turn away from
those I love as well as strangers. I won't be
taken out by friendly fire. Let me be undone
by those who never knew me but see me now
loping and looping with wild frenzy to escape.
Let them take pity on me as they would on any
rabid beast, freeing me from further expectations.

barbara moore

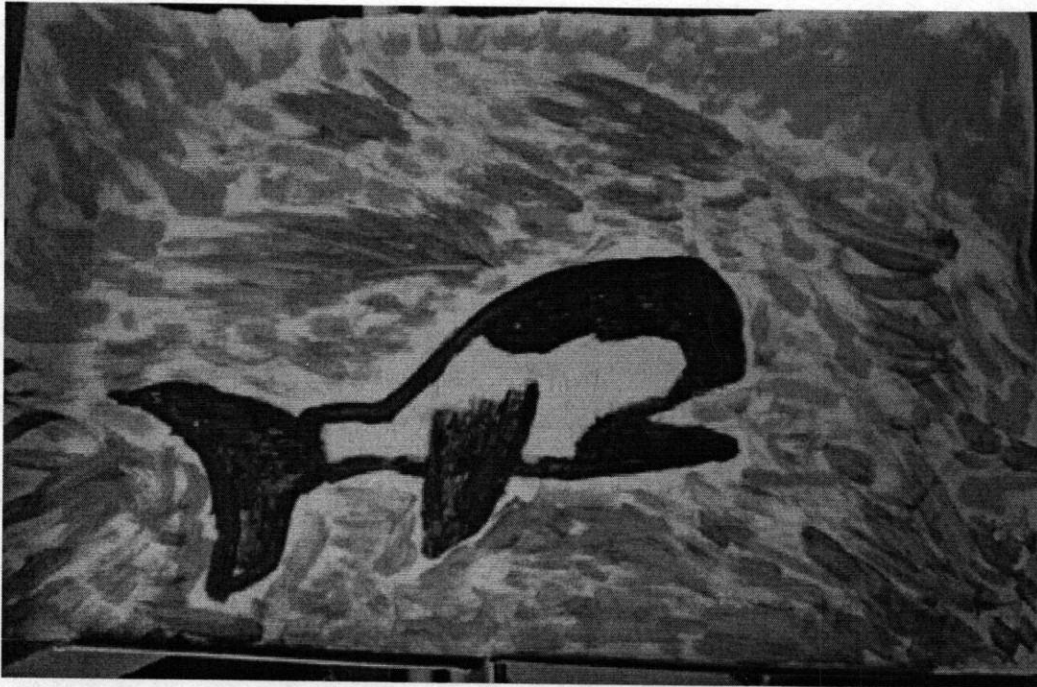
What Drama

what drama
the seed bursting in the field
what drama
the flower blooming in the rain
what drama
the stars burning in the darkness
what drama
the blood curdling in the vein
what drama
the illusion of devastation
what drama
the swan waiting to sing its song
what drama
the opposite of revelation
what drama
the border between right and wrong

joe kidd

Quiet Seen

you see now
life began as a response to an act of love
a body survives through the will of the one who loves
eternity exists, it contains itself
infinite love
all things are visible
through eyes that allow love to enter
mind is not hollow
mind is not here
it is not self
it is love
we seek the success of love
the struggle to inhale
and exhale the energy of creation
the joy of companionship
and cohabitation
love without end



joe kidd

Things

let us speak of things in idle moments
let them crawl upon our skin exposed
between the fingers and the holy palms
the crucial wrinkle of thoughtful notion
a great contagion, a rash decision
spread across a population
multiplied and so divided
is there one, or many things
to think, to dream, to sing thereof
where does one end and one begin
a space thus filled and later emptied
changes not before its time
and things occur and fall in season
cremate to ashes, dissipate
to be and once more be again
in minds and eyes forever separate
things that mingle in solvency
relying not upon the philosopher's nod
what age now gives and takes away
to blend a potion, a taste of bliss
what motion now the truth unfolds
what ocean depth, what sentiment
do such things exist to become an other
to release a power, a roaming sun
in a world of things appreciated
is there yet but one in the after all
brilliant invisible changeless form
to be brought to task upon our exit
from a world of things both one and many
where no things survive yet neither fold

joe kidd

Brilliant lips apogee

Twixt towering spines brittle gestures

Untamable languages breed

How we puke mere embers of stars

Never full flame

Choirs vast breeze the air we breathe

Invisible flame of youth

Of virility

How sound the truths of our burgeoning

Softness

How we can never re animate the

Organisms burnt out shells

Fallen to be collected

By children whispering

Tales of star men

& un reachable planets

merritt waldon

Rounding up the clowns
Red white blue
Orange yellow purple
Or other wise
Political cultural or
Personal
This subjective circus
Jails us all
Yet I attempt at being some
Sort of cowboy
Corralling the mad anti
Revolutionary jesters
Of the new world
Coyote laughs at these
Mere mortal charlatans
Of media & power
There are no concessions
For pretenders like Moloch
In the secret eternities
Of the buffalo woman
Or corn maiden
There are no futures substantial
For the imitations of divinity
Nor for those who refuse
The dharmic immortality
Of projection

merritt waldon

_Showdown at the Om corral

Shut up the minds clapping cavities of all the future
Twirling. Ravenous, dark matter grows from the
sustenance of cursing. Strange how stars peep like
tom into the center of being.
Curious creatures. Comforted by
control. This poem's a pistol against
the temple of a shadow,
with the hammer pulled
back.

* * *

merritt waldon

Buried

I hear them from 50 feet away—
“Dude, I was at a party once and took
a giant bong hit and started coughing
and totally sharted myself!”

They both laugh, and go on,
swapping similar stories.
They’ve known each other a year or so.
Work together every day.
I often hear this kind of stuff,
as I roam the warehouse.
Intimate confessions, right?
Things you only tell a friend.

But no...that ain’t it.
That’s not the real dirt.
Not the stories we’re loathe to tell.
Those lie in deeper graves.

Petty obsessions.
Black holes of disappointment.
Importunate ghosts, demons.
Past loves, excised regions of the heart
rotting in a potters field.

Perhaps even they
have forgotten where they
buried them...
so carefully did they
tamp the soil,
scatter the leaves and twigs.

So thoroughly have they
buried themselves
under mountains of chatter,
distraction, and surface.

Or maybe they do
talk about those things,
and I just haven’t heard them,
because those conversations
were whispered...
and not shouted.

brian rihlmann

Dear Dr. Jung

Ok, Herr Doktor...
in my fixation on
and hatred of this man
I'm aware—
the shadow's at play
perhaps even an archetype
from the dim collective pulls a string
to raise my hackles
every time I see his face

is the smug, entitled, rich,
pretty boy jock douchebag
an archetype?

so what do I do?
a clue, please,
if you would....
speak to me
from beyond
I know you can
if anyone can

nothing?

well, the hell with it..
I know better now, anyway
I know better than to think
the correct interpretation
solves anything

what good does knowing
ever do?

we tiptoe like ballerinas
twisting in the nooses
of our knowing

brian rihlmann

Breathing Hell Back To Life

back then my life seemed like hell...
every day a recurring nightmare
of hangovers and misery
no job, no hope
my money running out
my girlfriend off banging other guys
while I sat at the bar
shooting rotgut and commiserating
with a bunch of other sad fucks

we'd talk and talk about life in hell
we'd whip our hells out
and lay them side-by-side
as though comparing our cocks

I've since heard of charlatans
who claim they've been to hell
they died expecting a light
but instead felt the flames
but they were saved
by the hand of god
now they know the truth
they wrote a book
it's probably on the best-sellers list
ask them
they'll tell you

but poets—
we're the worst
we can't not talk about hell
because we tote it around
like ancient fire carriers
with tiny embers
hidden like jewels

we treasure them
protect them
shield them from the rain
and when a crowd gathers
we pile the kindling and—
like gods—
blow life back

into our little
smoldering
dying
pieces of hell
and then stand
in the flames

brian rihlmann

Haunted Interior (Title inspired by a painting done by Merritt Waldon)

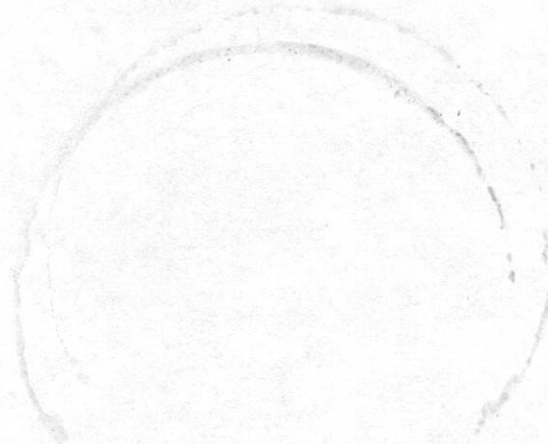
What lingers there among shards of half-forgotten memories?

Dreams like mist, haunt the hidden recesses where we are afraid to see too clearly.

Going in, can one truly be prepared?

Edges blurred as faces and feelings co-mingle only to melt like brightly colored candies that scatter when reached for, staining our hot hands.

kevin m. hibshman



Smoking For Two

Missing you
I'm smoking for two
Standing outside
It's colder than it's ever been
I am spinning circles
Lost in the fog of time again
Sometimes it feels like it's all gone to hell
I hope you're doing well, my friend
These days are a trial
I'm lonely for you and for everyone
It's bleaker than it's ever been
I'm smoking for two
It's all I can do as I wait like a child on Christmas eve for
something you will never send
I attempt to breathe your sweet essence in with each
exaggerated inhale

kevin m. hibshman

[every time i see you]

the sky
snows
around
me
warm shawls
of all
the unsaid
i've wrapped
inside--
a globe
shaken
to silence
everything
waiting
at your
feet

NEARING THE END

of your voice
a faint
train
whistles
through late
summer
leaves

an errant
bird
chimes
wind

o
the moon
on
our
tongues
o

REMNANTS

of your
fingertips
touching
mine
while you handed
me wild
stars
filling
my palms
with tiny flowers
silver
fish
sand
and shells
yet
as years
bulldoze
by
i am still
stuck
licking
my
wounds

alicia mathias

bottoming out

it's nighttime
dark, moonless
nothing stirs or moves
i am alone
sitting on a bus bench
as stars litter across
a black page

there is nothing
i am empty
there are no voices
no whispers left to hear
ink fades from every page
no words
nothing

a pit w/out bottom
i continue to fall
i only hope to hit
to land

to wake to a sun
that refuses to set

#

morning

you call to me -
a bird in a tree
chased by a cat.

you scream at me -
violence on your breath,
walls crafted from sordid pine
tremble.

you turn to me -
eyes thick with somber hate
finely tuned melodies
of the blackest heart.

jack henry

bottled

your voice mechanical,
eyes gray.
vision blurs
under damning
rays of an early dawn.

mirror holds no reflection,
cloven hooves trample mottled skin.
tongues taste of gun metal.
i yearn for a touch, outlawed
in 16 states.

there is no peace in your wickedness,
there is no flair in your truth.
there is no breeze upon which to linger
as skies blossom into life and stones
rest easy at the bottom of the sea.

###

wood

when i stay all night
he spoons into me
just as brilliant rays
of morning bleed
through tattered curtains.
remnants of glorious
incantations allow him
access without resistance.

sometimes his return
is expected, sometimes
a surprise, but once started
i always demand completion,
to which he merrily
complies.

###

jack henry

shatter

this story begins as he eats my ass
in a low-rent motel room just
off the interstate.

he calls me pretty
and, for a moment,
i love him.

as i ride his cock, he reaches under
my blouse, hoping for more imaginative
than i have to offer.
i do as well.

his shark black eyes
roll into the back of his head
as i swallow his cum.
he dresses quickly,
suddenly aware of my dead, flaccid cock
poking out from dirty panties.

he sobers quickly
and reaches for the door,
thanks me as if i were
a twenty-dollar trick,

shame washes over me,
i begin to drown.
i rip another line
of methamphetamine
and lay awake
staring at patterns in a
popcorn ceiling,
smoking endless cigarettes,
fearful of morning
and the light it brings
to a world in which
i am not sure i belong.

###

jack henry

BOOK REVIEWS:

John Patrick Robbins, *The Still Night Sessions*.

Confessional, Honest, Unfiltered...What more can you ask for?

This is a piercing, eye-opening glimpse into the mind and life of a gifted yet troubled man. There is no sensationalism, no whining or seeking of false sympathy, just hard, cold facts presented often times with a dash of black humor wrought in a prose-poem style the author has perfected.

It's refreshingly bold and delightfully detailed. I was completely absorbed in this book after reading the first entry. Each piece is a story that celebrates life even while castigating those who are incapable of living truthfully. Not much more I can say except this is a great and highly entertaining read I thoroughly enjoyed and highly recommend.

Frank Murphy, *If Walls Could Speak Mine Would Blush*.

Murphy is a boozy, bawdy balladeer. I find his candor and dark wit a nice change in this era of up tightness and striving for relevance. He doesn't need to strive to produce prose that is instantly engaging. It does require a sense of humor and I think we could all stand to lighten up a bit now and then.

There are subtle life lessons and ripe social commentary nestled within these tales of rebellion and debauchery that give the writing much more than a simply entertaining quality, though entertaining this book certainly is. I feel like the author pulls some of the punches we'd all like to and so there was a cathartic reaction within me as I read and re-read some of the passages. Treat yourself to an unabashed wild time and get your hot little hands on a copy.

ADAMANT & EVELYN.

In the Beginning (there was absolutely fucking nothing - then some cockarsed Bullshit appeared and we stole that bullshit and became fucktards of the galaxy)... well, something like that.

Time and memory are captions in a bubble above a tree which did exist, but nothing else remains as the snake in the garden and the two naked people were bemused by the hand of a cloud booting them out because they wanted to know something else, something more. So it could be said we never really did want a paradise or a romance, with bounty. And that's a good thing. But that's something the bible never mentioned. But, that's not even half of the story.

So, on the flip side - the garden was turned into a desert as those two naked people created a fashionable house and fabricated their own small British garden with magnolias and cherry trees, all under the shade of an old mulberry tree. They had two sons - one of them killed the other one and that was unfortunate. So instead of seeing what was really going on, they pursued in developing a civilisation and called it their own and also named the time period in which humanity was in totality and existence... in a way, they shortened all timelines as it would give them a leading edge in promoting this story to be told in future empires. Then the Romans came and told Plato he was wrong too. However, Plato wasn't wrong, he just used his head and thought a great deal about what went wrong.

All the while, that snake, that beautiful full bodied delicious looking snake was laughing the whole time. As was the cloud, who made the deal to see how the humans would run when nothing would be given to them again.

See, I think it was a great misunderstanding - that many Millenia later, we in the Western Hemisphere are still try getting back to that garden and be all naked and shit, under every tree bar one. Like we could actually undo the apparent damage caused and ensure no thorns are attached to roses.

What a dream and wow, they really think it might work, if we like, undone everything and didn't listen to that snake. So, When the cities were born and a sewage system was manufactured under the ingenuity of an empire which recreated the world and was successful in killing off all hopeless thought about a single god that saves you, then there comes a prophet - no, there were two prophets.

One prophet spoke of enlightenment and believing in yourself instead of any external threat of the hand of Yahweh crushing you and the other spoke of absolute fear. You can decide which one was which.

Meanwhile, further north, another man who also sat under a tree thought about how fucked up everything was in his own empire — that empire was Hindu and those guys were around a lot longer than the nonsense going on further down south.

It Turns out the story was very similar - to the two naked people being tempted by a snake. But, the snake was not the bad guy in the story up north. No, that was the signal, the sign and image of perfection, what we were supposed to attain. Stealing that fruit was considered to be quite bloody selfish, but that was a message stick too, a measure of the spirit to remember, that we all came from the same ghost, up in the ether where there was poisonous gasses and explosions, divide and conquer. Planets merging into other planetary bodies causing a real mess of the place. This was us in our purest form.

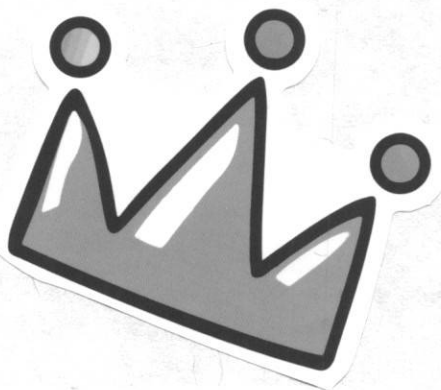
We are those gasses throwing ourselves around. We are In constant flux always merging always warring and always creating, as what we call the universe - is constantly recreating itself, moving at incredible speeds unfathomable incomprehensible knowledge is stored in our little insignificant bio -degradable bodies, made from bacteria which was mixed in a soup on a really hot

planetary body - we call: EARTH. So, were we two stupid naked people wandering a bounty in a garden made by a dumb area god, and does that even make sense at all, to claim we started from two people who didn't have a fucking clue what was going on. They were just curious and horny! So the real story is not really so exciting, as there is no mystery at all. What comes next? Wake the fuck up and look past the superstition and realise you are the gods and be more real.... as there is no time left to fuck arse around like the fucktards we've been programmed to be.

- J.C. HAWKES

STARS AND TREES

A BORING ESCAPE,
A LABORIOUS HOLE
DESIGNED AND DIRECTED
NOW IT'S TIME I SET IT ALL FREE
AND AS I FIND MYSELF
WITH MORE OF
A FUCK YOU TONE
THAN THE ONCE EVER
PLEASING GESTURE
OF 'FUCK ME SIDEWAYS
AND LET'S GET MARRIED'
I WAS IN THE BACK SEAT,
STARING OUT THE BACK WINDOW,
EYES COPULATING
WITH THE STARS
AND THE TREES
WHICH DISAPPEARED
AS I BEGAN TO FEEL
THE ROTATION
OF THE EARTH
AND I BEGAN TO FEEL,
I WAS NEVER WITH YOU.
I WAS FIGHTING WITH ME,
AND FINDING WHAT I CAN DO.
YOU NEVER KILLED ME
AND I NEVER KILLED
YOU.



DISOBEY



You Lose

